The New REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

VOLUME V | New York, Saturday, December 11, 1915 | Number 58

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AMERICAN public opinion will be inclined to approve the recall of Attachés Boy-Ed and von Papen, because of a general conviction that the patriotic activities of those gentlemen have been carried on without any very punctilious respect for the laws of the United States. But its approval will be mitigated by its disappointment in having been refused by the administration any information as to the way in which they have offended. The President doubtless has good reason for refusing information to the German government which that government already possesses, but it is to be hoped that he will not continue for long to refuse it to the American people. This is a grave business, and public opinion is entitled to know what the exigencies and hazards of the situation are. Any acts by Captain Boy-Ed and Count von Papen contrary to the American law must have been known to the German Ambassador and must presumably have been authorized by the German government. If offenses have been committed, the government in Berlin is the real offender. Probably that is the reason why information is being refused, but it will prove to be a far more conclusive reason why the information should be furnished. By asking for the recall of the two attachés the President must be serving notice on Germany that his patience is exhausted and that German officials must not carry on war against their enemies within the territory of the United States. He must be contemplating a still more emphatic gesture of impatience and resentment in case the offensive practices are continued. But a more emphatic gesture might lead to a rupture with Germany. If there is any danger of a rupture with Germany, American opinion is entitled to full information about Germany's real offense and abundant time for mental "preparedness."

WHAT we like best about President Wilson's message is the evidence it affords of a more alert, a more energetic and a more responsible attitude towards the pressing problems of national reorganization. If the Democratic party has had in the past one characteristic fault, it has been that of tending to neglect and undervalue the forehanded formulation of national policies and the making of efficient administrative instruments for their realization. As a party it has been prone to depend upon individual and local effort for the accomplishment of public as well as private purposes, and it has conceived the function of the central government in domestic matters to be negative and restricted. But under Mr. Wilson's leadership its attitude is gradually changing, and is coming to resemble the more eager, vigilant and formative spirit which was described some years ago by Mr. Roosevelt as the "New Nationalism." "We serve," says Mr. Wilson in the fine last paragraph of his message, "a great nation. . . . We should see to it that it lacks no instrument, no facility or vigor of law to make it sufficient to play its part with energy, safety and assured success. In this we are no partisans, but

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heralds and prophets of a new age." This passage contains the most unmistakable expression Mr. Wilson has ever given of a vision of the new nation. It has looked hitherto as if he were seeking to resurrect out of the Democratic individualism of the past a ghost called the " New Freedom " as a kind of substitute for the new nationalism, or even as an antidote to it. At last he has definitely committed himself, and to a smaller extent his party, to a conception of the central government and of the national organization as a positive, continuing and indispensable agent of the purposes of the American democracy.

PASSIVISTS who have been doing their best to convince the country that the possession of effective armament is the main incentive to war are now reaping what they have sown. By arguing continually against armament they have spread the delusion that preparedness is the most relevant fact with regard to war. They have made easy the inference that European nations, since they will possess gigantic armies and navies after the present conflict, are likely to attack us. They have made common the impression that a pacifist is a person who wishes his country to be without defense, thus arousing a powerful opposition. They have prepared the way for an armament propaganda based on fear and capable of unlimited expansion. If our pacifists had begun by admitting the necessity of adequate armament, and had used their resources mainly for educating the country towards a definite and enlightened foreign policy as the best contribution which one nation can make to international organization, they would not now be making panicky attempts to stem a panicky demand for greater defense. They would be in a position to define the limits of adequate armament, and to concentrate a much larger force of public opinion where it would count most for future peace.

A YEAR ago the Democrats in Congress were advised by us to do something to make the army more efficient, and to begin an expert investigation into the whole question of preparedness. " If they fail to do as much as this," the advice continued, " they will be inviting a popular agitation which will be dangerous to their success at the next election, equally dangerous to national security and peace, and fatally distracting to steady progress in the work of social improvement." We now offer similar advice to the pacifist minority which in the present session is planning to oppose flatly any and every proposal for greater military preparedness. If they succeed they will present the issue of preparedness to the Republicans for the next Presidential campaign, and thus do the cause of unlimited armament and international insecurity a great service. If they fail their fight will nevertheless advertise the unfortunate misapprehensions about armament and about themselves in most dramatic fashion. It is of the utmost importance that influential pacifists both in and out of Congress should avoid the emphasis on armament, and proceed to the more fruitful work of constructing or inventing a world of nations which can live at peace with or without armament.

A NUMBER of Democratic newspapers have been praising that veteran Republican, Mr. Joseph Cannon, for saying:

> I didn't vote for Mr. Wilson in 1912 and I won't vote for him in 1916, but I will not criticize his attitude in the European matter. It is not a time for partisanship.

After this it is hard to resist asking just what the proper time for partisanship is. Would Mr. Cannon say it was during the discussion of the tariff, or of conservation measures, or currency legislation, or a railroad bill? Or perhaps he would confine partisanship to appropriation bills and patronage and pensions. The point of curious interest to discover is that so prominent a politician has so low an opinion of his own life work, for has it not been said that the safety of the country depended upon the Republican party? If that assertion was not all falsehood, this time of national crisis is obviously the occasion for the party to step forward and save the country. Yet just at this moment Mr. Cannon virtually asks it to keep its mouth shut.

WHAT a cameo Mr. Cannon has made for the wonder of historians who study our epoch. They will scan his career, read his utterance on the time not to criticize, note the approval of the Democratic papers, and write: " The voters in those days were divided into two great parties—the Ins and the Outs. The Ins devoted themselves to staying in, the Outs to getting in. For this ambition, known as partisanship, each party had invented a number of 'principles.' The Outs always talked about principles more than did the Ins, because the Outs had to find some way of getting in. It was always considered proper to use the needs and hopes of the people as pieces in the game. But there was a curious superstition that when the issues of war and peace were involved, it was necessary to pretend that the Ins were always right." Mr. Cannon has indeed thrown a rather severe illumination on American political sincerity, for what his statement amounts to is this: " So far as the safety and future of the nation are concerned, my opinions aren't really worth anything. I realize this, and know how to keep quiet

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in an international crisis. But that is about as far as my patriotic modesty goes. When nothing but the prosperity and civilization of ordinary people are at stake, I am quite ready to utter my opinions, to play for every political advantage, to upset the Democratic apple-cart. My opinions on domestic affairs are of course ninety-nine per cent campaign buncomb, but this is a government of parties, and a man must live."

THE illusory "liberty of contract" read into our constitutions by the courts has again been vindicated. This time the Massachusetts Supreme Court declares unconstitutional a nine-hour law for employees in and about railroad stations. The court admits the validity of statutes regulating the hours of labor of men whose work has direct relations to the operation of trains, and women and children, it is recognized, also are allowed to have their "liberty" curtailed. But according to the Massachusetts court, to limit the labor of baggagemen and grade-crossing tenders to nine hours can subserve no rational public purpose. For such is the test of unconstitutionality. In reaching this shocking result the court shelters itself behind the "binding" decision of the Supreme Court of the United States in the famous Lochner (bakeshop) case. We had hoped that ghost was laid. We had supposed the Lochner opinion to have been discredited by the common consent of the legal profession, by the changing current of judicial decision, above all by the more recent point of view of the Federal Supreme Court. We had supposed that the rational guidance to be derived from that case was to be found not in the five-to-four result but in the classic dissenting opinion of Justice Holmes.

THIS latest decision as to "liberty of contract" will come as a blow to liberal lawyers all over the country, who had believed the particular fight against a strangling interpretation of the bill of rights had been permanently won. We cannot dispose of the decision by calling the court "reactionary," nor by attributing it to the well-known tendency of judicial decisions to follow the election returns. The causes lie deeper and must be sought in a different direction. For one thing, our bar is poorly equipped to redeem its heavy responsibility in a legalistic democracy for the success of social legislation. In this very instance the state practically threw away its case by conceding the work in question to be neither arduous nor unhealthy, without any scientific study and presentation of the facts, of the effects of fatigue, of the significance for the community of unregulated labor. And this reveals the second evil—the unfortunate dependence by the courts for the adequate presentation of the social and industrial facts bearing upon modern legislation, on the accident of whether the case is argued by competent counsel, the result being that such questions are often adjudicated on abstract, unreal and unjust grounds. The eighteenth century bill of rights has outlived its usefulness, but if and while it continues to be legally enforced, the plain obligation rests upon bench and bar of devising some means whereby courts may be authoritatively advised of the facts which constitute the very life of this class of statutes.

GOVERNOR Whitman's dismissal of Chairman McCall of the New York Public Service Commission of the Second District may be justified, for McCall was utterly unfit for the job. But no well-informed person will believe that he was dismissed merely because he was unfit. He was dismissed as a necessary step to the control of the patronage of the Public Service Commission by the Republican machine. Governor Whitman is completing the process begun by his three Democratic predecessors of converting the Public Service Commissions into the servants and victims of professional politics. His substitution of Hayward for an experienced and able official like Maltbie is a sufficient indication of the standards and motives which control him in making appointments to the commissions. He will Republicanize them as soon as he can; and when the Democrats return to power they will undo his work, and appoint faithful but unfit Democrats in place of faithful but unfit Republicans. In the meantime the work of regulating the public utility companies will be so badly performed that public ownership and operation may have to be substituted. The lesson is that we shall never get expert and trustworthy administrative officers in our state governments until the power of the party machines in local politics has been broken.

ACCORDING to the New York *World*, no American has a right to attack the President's policy unless he is prepared to "demand war in place of the slow processes of diplomacy." This amounts to saying that there is no diplomacy but Mr. Wilson's, and that his diplomacy is necessarily a substitute for war. Yet it might be argued with force that Mr. Wilson avoided war not through diplomacy but through luck, and that a different diplomacy would have safeguarded the country's interests far more surely. What falsifies the *World's* point of view is the evident belief that Mr. Wilson stopped the submarine war by "diplomacy." Surely it ought to be clear by this time that it was the British navy which ended the submarine war by making it too dangerous and too unprofitable. Mr. Wilson's diplomacy consisted almost entirely in

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keeping the American people quiet long enough for the British to invent a defense against submarine raids. The British navy is the factor which saved Mr. Wilson's "policy" and kept us out of the war. If the American people think they have learned from the Lusitania that "moral suasion" counts against military empires, then the disaster is worse than can be counted in the number of dead.

WHAT is the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace doing to stop the war? This is a question that is being repeated with increasing bitterness by pacifists of the type represented in the personnel of the Ford expedition. The Endowment is doing practically nothing to stop the war. It does not exist for the purpose of financing any and every movement that is organized in the name of peace. It seeks to prevent war by promoting international understanding, by opposing national policies that create the antagonisms leading to war. This is the kind of work that cannot thrive when the world is actually at war. It will have to be taken up and pursued with vigor if the peace following the present war is to be more than a truce.

The New Isolation

PRESIDENT Wilson has made distinct progress since his speech before the Manhattan Club. His message to Congress begins with comment on foreign policy, announces that "national defense" must accompany such a policy, proposes methods of paying for the armament, emphasizes the need for "industrial mobilization," and ends with an appeal for a united and patriotic people. Policy, armament, revenues, supply and morale—those are the chapter-headings of preparedness, and the President touches upon all of them.

The substance is a little harder to discover. It would seem from the message that Mr. Wilson is a convert to increased armament because he regards it as necessary to his doctrine of "America for the Americans." Pointing to Mexico as an example of how sincerely opposed we are to aggressive imperialism, the President pictures an oasis of this hemisphere, consisting of "free" and "equal" republics, woven together into a more or less self-sufficing commercial system, inspired by Pan-American enthusiasm, and defended together against any European aggression. The old isolation within our boundaries has become the isolation within our hemisphere.

These sentiments would be amiable in an after-dinner speaker at a Pan-American banquet, but coming from a President to a Congress they are either not to be taken seriously or they are extraordinarily misleading. What, for example, is the use of talking about a collection of equal republics when Mr. Wilson himself is going to ask the Senate to ratify an American protectorate over Haiti? And granting all that the love of liberty in Mexico will endure, did Mr. Wilson mean to convey to the less stable republics south of us that Pan-Americanism guarantees them forever against intervention? If that is so, then the effect of what Mr. Wilson outlined as a foreign policy amounts to this: the United States is responsible for the integrity of the American republics, but it will not interfere in their domestic affairs. The President is shouldering all the liabilities of possible American disorder to the South of us without uttering a word of warning against the occurrence of disorder. Yet every tyro knows that if we ever have to fight to keep Europe out of Central and South America, it will be because the corruption or instability of some of these American states has given Europe an excuse and an opportunity for aggression. This is Pan-Americanism with a vengeance. A doctrine which means that we mark time while corrupt states make trouble, and then go out to fight in order to protect them from the consequences, is a policy loaded with disaster. It is equivalent to presenting Central and South America with a blank check upon the lives and wealth of our people.

We all know that the President has not practiced what he preaches. He has intervened very considerably in the states bordering the Caribbean. He has not let Mexico alone, or any other disorderly state. And so it becomes a question of extreme importance whether good morals and good policy justify the President in uttering high-sounding pleasantries which would be disastrous if applied, and which ring false in view of actual facts.

We must get this policy of America for the Americans fixed in our minds, for upon it President Wilson is basing his whole program of defense. It must occur to everyone immediately that one of the greatest of the American Powers is the British Empire, yet the President does not even allude to it. From Canada to the Falkland Islands the force of Britain is felt. It is incomparably our nearest and greatest neighbor, its fleet commands our shores, its shipping will weigh the heaviest in all that passes through the Panama Canal. To pretend that we are somehow closer to Venezuela or Brazil is to fly in the face of reason.

If we are to arm to safeguard the *status quo* in this hemisphere, by what twist of thought are we to ignore our relations to the British Empire? Shall we turn our backs on Canada in order to seek some kind of exclusive Americanism on both sides of the equator? A more unreal and unimaginative statesmanship can hardly be conceived. We are the

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neighbor and natural ally of a Great Power whose interests in this hemisphere coincide in the main with our own. Surely, if our policy is the defense of the *status quo*, the greatest defense of all would be a tangible understanding with our biggest and best American neighbor.

There is every reason why the United States should cultivate the closest relations with all the countries of this hemisphere. But let us not talk about a Pan-Americanism which excludes the Canadians and ignores the immense rôle played in the past and certain to be played in the future by the Power which commands the sea. Pan-Americanism that passes by the British Empire is a very perilous phrase on which to build an immense increase of armaments.

Gratitude is due to the President for having attempted to establish some connection between diplomacy and preparedness. But the diplomatic policy which he has in mind is a dangerous delusion. It assumes an equality between republics that are not equal, it gives almost unlimited license to the weak and assumes unlimited liability for the United States, it ignores the Empire which has always played a decisive role in the Monroe Doctrine and its variations. With such a foreign policy to defend, no navy and no army can be regarded as adequate, and no human being can tell whether the President has recommended too many or too few guns and ships and soldiers.

Auditing the War

IT is too early, say those who speak with authority, even to breathe the word peace. The war is in its germinating stage, and the world must await its harvest. So be it. But it is never too early to seek to cast up the accounts of any enterprise, to estimate the probable costs, to value the probable winnings and strike a balance of net gains. In a business enterprise the practices of correct accounting are the only safeguards against bankruptcy. The same thing is true of an enterprise in statecraft and war. The only difference consists in the fact that great national enterprises, if ill-advised, threaten not merely financial bankruptcy but moral and cultural bankruptcy as well.

Let it be assumed that the Allies can win a conclusive victory in the end if they will pay the price. They will then be able to impose such terms of peace as their hearts may desire—of course within the practicalities of the situation. They will be able to levy indemnities up to the limit of what the vanquished can bear. They will be able to impose such political and military conditions as seem conducive to their future convenience and safety; they will keep for themselves so much of the territory of the vanquished as may seem profitable to them. These are items of great apparent value. We shall later try to estimate their real worth. But first we must seek to arrive at an estimate of the costs their acquisition must entail.

In this accounting of costs, chief place must be given to the lives that are to be sacrificed. Just how many men are being killed or permanently disabled each day in the present stage of warfare it is impossible to say, but there can be little doubt that the Allied forces are enduring a casualty loss well above 150,000 men per month. We must subtract from this figure the number of those who will recover from their wounds, and add to it the excess mortality in the field and in prison camps. The resultant of net human loss will probably be somewhat above 100,000. A conservative estimate places the loss of a year's fighting at 1,200,000 men. Completely to crush the resistance of the Central Powers will require at least two years more of fighting, and as the war enters upon the stage of desperation the losses to the Allies, engaged in driving the Germans from defensive position to defensive position, will be much heavier. Three million men must die or be disabled for life if the Allies are to win through to a position from which they can dictate a peace. Two and one-half million families must be broken, shorn of power to hold their own in a society that will be all the more competitive on account of the war. And these are minimum estimates.

But is it not possible, by a simple accounting operation, to cancel out this factor in the cost of victory? The Allies will pay three million men, but they will take three million lives, more or less, from their enemies. The broken households on Allied soil will be balanced by broken households on enemy soil. A fair exchange, perhaps, but one that is none the less ruinous. While wrath persists, we may see only the aspect of equivalence, but wrath is an emotion that flames and dies. A life for a life, in cold retrospect, is simply two lives lost. Broken household for broken household is simply two human debit accounts, to be paid in full before civilization can proceed. Besides, who will predict the turns of European affairs in the next ten years? Three years ago Bulgars and Turks were engaged in the ghastly trade of outrage for outrage, life for life. To-day the Bulgars would, if they could, resurrect the stout Turkish fighters they slew on the plains of Thrace.

As to the financial items in the cost of victory, it is a conservative estimate that the Allies are paying out $30,000,000 a day; and whatever technical advances may take place in the art of war, there is no reason for forecasting progress in economy. The Germans, we are told, are to be blasted out of

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France and Belgium and out of Poland as well. Next they are to be blasted out of many strong defensive positions on their own soil. Perhaps it can be done, but only at an almost inconceivable cost in money. We will say that between thirty and forty billions will suffice, although this is probably much too little.

But will not this item be taken care of by the indemnity to be imposed on the vanquished? The aggregate private income of Germany and her allies in time of peace does not exceed $18,000,000,000. Interest at six per cent on indemnity bonds for $30,000,000,000—and a lower rate would be unreasonable in view of the weakness of the underlying security—would amount to $1,800,000,000. The Romans occasionally levied a tenth of the gross produce upon a conquered province, but they were too practical to expect any permanent tribute of such weight. The Turks nominally extracted a tenth, but probably never succeeded in collecting it, although they regarded every form of torture as a legitimate part of the technique of tax collection. Grant that the Allies force the vanquished states to repudiate their own obligations and make the indemnity bonds a prior lien on all revenues, a thirty-billion dollar indemnity will still be insupportable—especially since it is proposed to deprive the vanquished of considerable parts of their territory and to place them under handicaps in commercial competition. We do not deny that indemnities can be employed to reduce the financial burden upon the victor. But these must fall far short of the cost to either side of the next two years of war. A prudent statesman would reckon at least $20,000,000,000 to be added to the existing debts of the Allies if complete victory is to be won. England will find half of this sum resting upon her; France, a quarter, and Russia and Italy will bear most of the rest. It is a burden that will persist when wrath is dead.

These are the minimum costs of victory. What of the value of the gains? The German colonies would be divided among the Allies. It is generally recognized that those colonies were worth next to nothing to Germany; they would be worth less to the Allies. France would recover Alsace-Lorraine—a gain that would not greatly strengthen France economically or strategically, but which would have an incalculable sentimental value. Russia would take German Poland and Galicia. Italy would take all the lands on the Adriatic that could be assimilated to Italy. Serbia would encroach upon Bulgaria, and Turkey would be dismembered and distributed among the Allies. But with the exception of Alsace-Lorraine, all these territorial acquisitions would be replete with trouble for the possessor. At Bucarest, Greece, Serbia and Rumania wrought their will upon a beaten Bulgaria and dictated a peace which they believed to be in their own interest. Each took its fill of Bulgarian territory, thereby forfeiting at once the benefits of ease and security, and in the sequel infinitely more. Serbia is now all but crushed out of existence, and Rumania and Greece stand trembling between two firing-lines.

But may we not hope that with Germany crushed, her rulers deposed, her navy destroyed, her armies disbanded, her young men slain, her women and children staggering under the burden of foreign debt and domestic disorganization, the peace of Europe will be permanently established? If we could hope for this the price might be worth paying. But let us not be deceived by appearances. England, France, Italy, Russia, Japan, all cherish separatist ambitions which may at any time clash. These ambitions are partly suppressed for the present, but the force that suppresses them is the existence of a belligerent and unconquered Germany. Not even in the face of the common danger have the nations been able to attain complete harmony. Why was it that when Russia was hammering away at the Carpathian passes and Austrian resistance appeared to be breaking down, Italy failed to enter the war, dragging Greece with her to the Allied cause and doubtless Rumania and Bulgaria as well? Because of separatist views as to the just distribution of the prospective spoils of victory.

Crush Germany, and the force of cohesion departs from the heterogeneous camp of the Allies. Diplomatic situations will arise in which one party or the other will play for the support of the Teutons, vanquished but clinging all the more desperately to their national pride. Russia, Germany and Austria crushed Poland, a small country, imperfectly developed nationally. What has been the profit of the conquerors after a hundred and fifty years? Each would reconstitute Poland now if it could be sure of Polish support.

The peace of Europe will not be won by this war or any other. If it is ever to be established permanently, it will be through the acceptance by superior might of a self-restraint which recognizes the worth of independence and dignity in the nations that are weak or that happen to be of the weaker party. Germany offended heinously against this principle; therefore she is bleeding. Ruthless employment of force on the part of the Allies to crush Germany will equally offend against the principle and sow the seed of future miseries.

Three million men and a mountain of poverty is the price the Allies must pay for crushing Germany. And the value of the achievement! A momentary exaltation in the breasts of the victors; a delusive sense of security; an intensely nationalistic victim raging under its burden of humiliation, to form a

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ready instrument for later designs of imperial aggrandizement.

In their aggressive designs the Central Empires have already been beaten. They played for the military hegemony of Europe and lost. They will not take Paris or Petrograd and they know it. They will not break the back of the British Empire. Every man of sense in the Teutonic Empire realizes that however the war may end, Germany and Austria will be weaker, absolutely and relatively, than they were at the outbreak of the war. Their people are suffering and discontented, but they are not of the breed who turn upon their leaders in time of crisis. Their loyalty is assured so long as it is the express determination of the Allies to push the war to an extreme conclusion. Whatever the war was at the outset, this determination will transform it into a war of defense for the Central Empires. An early peace would leave the rising popular discontent in Germany and Austria to demand an accounting from the leaders who dragged them into this disastrous war. It would render necessary such adjustment of competing ambitions among the Allies as would make their present friendship permanent. It would save mountains of money and millions of men. Did peace ever tempt stubborn hearts with greater gifts?

Being Candid With Japan

BARON SHIBUSAWA'S recent visit to New York City afforded one more illustration of the barren and relaxed condition of public opinion in relation to a national foreign policy. Public opinion in this country does not offer a firm and fertile soil in which such a policy can take root and grow. The Baron came to this country at least partly for the purpose of feeling out the American attitude towards the matters in controversy between the United States and Japan. In his speeches he stated frankly what Japan was trying to do in China and how much she was willing to yield to California. In a friendly but firm way he intimated that Japan would not consent to any further abatement of the treaty rights of her citizens legally residing in the United States. In unmistakable terms he announced Japan's intention of controlling the economic development of China. The United States could share in this work of development, but Japan's proximity to China and the racial affinities between the Japanese and Chinese peoples designated Japan as the dominant member of the partnership.

These candid overtures made no more apparent impression on the Baron's audience than a bullet would make on a bed of clay. They vanished into a sea of sentimentality without leaving a bubble behind. The " leaders of public opinion " who replied to the Baron disregarded the meaning of his speech. They talked about Pan-Pacific conferences, preparedness, anti-preparedness, the virtues of the Japanese people, the historic friendship between the two countries and their own invincible determination to maintain it; but they sought to maintain it not by confronting the possible differences between the two countries, but by pretending no such differences existed. Instead of answering their distinguished visitor with a similarly frank and friendly discussion of what in their opinion the United States could or could not do to satisfy present or future Japanese grievances in California, or of the advantages and dangers involved by Japanese ascendancy in China, they discoursed about the beauties of friendship and peace and the indefensibility of all wars except righteous wars. The leaders of this sort of public opinion have a futile task. Instead of leading opinion on an adventurous journey over a novel country towards a desirable but undiscovered goal, they lead it up into the thin air where it is dissipated in the vast monotony of the heavens.

No problem connected with our relations to foreign countries presents graver inherent difficulties and contains a larger charge of contingent explosives than that of the comparative participation of the United States and Japan in the future economic development of China. The war has destroyed the Balance of Power in the Far East. Germany has, for the present at least, been eliminated. The chief attention of Russia must continue to be fastened on the Balkans, no matter whether the treaty of peace is favorable to her or not. In the necessary concentration of resources which has been caused by the war and will not cease at its close, France and Great Britain will not be able to exercise as much influence as formerly in the Far East. What the European nations have lost Japan has gained. She has not disguised her ambition for ascendancy in China. She proposes to organize and direct the latent industrial resources and abilities of the Chinese people, and she proposes to exercise as much political authority in China as she needs to make her economic position secure. She is willing to share the profits of the enterprise with the United States, but Baron Shibusawa's speech seemed to imply that the United States should be willing to accept a minor share of the resulting trade, power and responsibility.

What should the American nation do? It has always insisted on the Open Door in China, which is equivalent to an economic Balance of Power. Assuming that the balance can be assured only by American exertions, should we undertake the work of recreating it and accept the chance of possible trouble with Japan? Or should we stand aside and connive at Japanese supremacy by lending Japan the

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money with which to carry on her work of developing Chinese resources? Could we possibly become a party in such an enterprise without having at least an equal voice in its conduct? Are we willing to risk friction with Japan either by seeking an equal interest in the future of China or by opposing Japanese domination? Finally, will it be possible for American diplomacy after the war to reëstablish to some extent genuine international coöperation in China? These are a few of the questions which have to be answered. It is essential that they should be considered in a spirit of friendship to Japan, of devotion to the welfare of the Chinese people, and of a candid appreciation of the grave issues involved. Even if the questions are ignored, the facts which give rise to them will remain and must profoundly affect the future relations between Japan and the United States.

Lending and Spending

IN another column a correspondent proposes an interesting dilemma, one which actually is presented in the lives of many Americans. It is the dilemma of the investor with a social conscience. Our correspondent is an active man with a business of his own, the management of which fully occupies his time but the needs of which do not demand the whole of his capital. He has a considerable sum of money to invest, which for obvious prudential reasons has been used to purchase shares in a number of different corporations. As a part owner in these companies he has a personal responsibility for their behavior. He wants them to be managed not only for his benefit as an investor, but according to a policy not inimical to the public interest or to the welfare of the companies' employees. But he has neither the time nor the opportunity to make sure that the businesses which are being carried on in part with his capital are managed as he would prefer. The resulting dilemma is very real. He has no effective way of attaching to his investment in these corporations the value of a moral act. He is practically obliged to hand over a power of attorney to their administrative officers, and to trust in them to redeem his own personal responsibility.

There is no immediate and satisfactory escape from this dilemma. Modern industry is passing through a transition. It is partly conducted by men who supply their own capital to businesses which they manage themselves, and with which they preserve an intimate personal relationship. It is partly conducted by large corporate administrative organizations, which derive capital from investors, but are managed by salaried officials. These officials are the only people who really know the business and are capable of controlling its conduct, because they are the people whose lives are absorbed by it. Our correspondent represents both of these classes in the modern industrial system. He has a business of his own which consumes most of his time, and which constitutes his primary responsibility. If that business is conducted in a manner which scrupulously safeguards not only the interests of its owners but those of its customers and its employees, our correspondent, even though he cannot properly perform his duties as a stockholder in other companies, may consider himself sufficiently assured of the reward which may await the virtuous man of business in another world. But a very genuine difficulty remains. A stockholder in a corporation is subsidizing and encouraging it with his money, but he cannot be certain that his encouragement is not being granted to a business policy of which, if he managed the business himself, he would not approve.

We do not know of any sure way of unmistakably attaching to the function of stockholding the moral value which may attach to personal business management. The shareholder does not and cannot share as the result of his holdings actual responsibility for the conduct of the business. Business will never obtain much of its needed reformation through the agency of a group of stockholders who may at the same time or at different times consist of the Kaiser of Germany, an infant aged two years, a dyspeptic at Marienbad and Billy Sunday. They don't know enough, they don't care enough; they have no sufficient means of knowing and no sufficient motive for caring. Stockholding is private property shorn of all its glamor, stripped of all its feudal graces, and crippled in all its moral obligations. It has nothing to recommend it but immediate necessity.

Many difficulties arise from the failure to keep in mind the distinction between a personally owned and managed business and one owned by people who do not manage it. Although the stockholders contribute nothing to the good management upon which a business depends for its success, they are still supposed to reap most of the rewards of good management. They are considered entitled not only to a fair interest on their investment, but to the major part of any residuary profits. They are looking not only for a fixed and secure income, but for a speculative increase in value. A man who buys shares in a corporation without participating in its management is merely making a bet upon the success of the business, and it is this fact which falsifies his relationship to his property and to the management of his property. He lends his capital to the officers of the company in the hope of having it returned to him in increasing measure. The success or failure of the management is tested solely by its ability to produce these unearned profits for the stockholders —unearned, that is, by the stockholders themselves.

One suggested method of meeting the difficulty

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is the conversion of stockholders into the position of bondholders—that is, the position of people who are paid a fixed interest for furnishing capital. There might be two classes of bondholders, one which accepted a low interest and a comparatively safe investment, and the other which involved a larger risk, and received, if the business were successful, a larger but still limited return. The adoption of such a method of financing business would substitute the purchase of capital by business ability for the purchase of business ability by capital; and it would have the advantage of at least making possible a juster and more beneficial distribution of business profits. The surplus which did not go to capital would for the most part be shared among the officials and employees of the company, and would serve to increase their interest in a business which would become more completely their own.

The fundamental problem would nevertheless remain, that of devising an effective method of exercising supervision and control over the chief administrative officials of the corporation; and as long as it did remain the dilemma of our correspondent would remain with it to plague conscientious investors. That problem is too complicated and difficult to be discussed here. Until something is done to solve it, corporate management will continue to be an uncontrolled autocracy. But the investor, powerless as he is to control, is not condemned to entire irresponsibility as to the conduct of a corporation nourished in part by his capital. He can, for instance, refuse to invest in any corporation whose management may be plausibly suspected of exploiting either the public or its employees. If any corporation in which he has invested is convicted of such conduct he can withdraw his investment and place it by preference in the stock of a corporation whose policy is more enlightened.

Assuming that he is a man of initiative and energy, he might go further. He might organize an "Investors' League," based upon the same ideas as the Consumers' League, whose members were pledged not to lend their capital to any questionably managed corporation. The plan may seem fantastic and absurd, but why should it be? The mere fact of its seeming absurdity indicates how socially irresponsible investors have always been in lending their money. Their investments have been determined either by the desire for security or the expectation of large profits. If the expectation of large profits were cut off by their transformation from the owners of the property into the owners of a mortgage on the property, they would require a new reason for preferring an investment in one corporation to an investment in another, assuming that both were equally safe. Why should not the preference be based on the comparative policy of the two corporations in the treatment of its employees and its customers? If investors are not capable of positively controlling the management of a business which they support with their capital, they are at least capable of starving corporations whose management offends certain recognized standards of public decency.

In this as in many other respects the community will in the future demand higher standards of the man of wealth than it has in the past. In one way or another the economic system must be made productive of a larger amount of human welfare. It could be made so almost immediately, without any fundamental changes in laws and institutions, provided employers and investors were as anxious to promote the human values involved by business as they are to make money. If they considered conscientiously the effect on society of their present methods of hiring and firing labor and of lending and spending money, and if they tried to live up to a higher standard, the present economic system could be indefinitely prolonged. So far as it is in danger, it is in danger because employers and investors ignore the plain responsibilities imposed upon them by their money power—the responsibility of avoiding extravagance, of discriminating on behalf of business with an enlightened social policy both in their lending and spending, and above all of recognizing that their employees need not merely kind and fair treatment but an increasing measure of economic independence and power. Thus the dilemma of our correspondent exists for all investors whether they realize it or not, and if they do not give it the same serious consideration which he is doing they will pay for their failure. Lending must be socialized as well as spending, and if the lenders ignore the responsibility, the community will seek some other means to accomplish the result.

The New
REPUBLIC
A Journal of Opinion

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AND COPYRIGHT, 1915, IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA BY THE REPUBLIC PUBLISHING COMPANY, INC., 421 WEST TWENTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y. HERBERT CROLY, PRESIDENT. ROBERT HALLOWELL, TREASURER.

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YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION, FIFTY-TWO ISSUES, FOUR DOLLARS IN ADVANCE. SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. CANADIAN SUBSCRIPTION FOUR DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS PER YEAR IN ADVANCE. FOREIGN SUBSCRIPTIONS FOR COUNTRIES IN THE POSTAL UNION, FIVE DOLLARS PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

REMITTANCE TO BE MADE BY INTERNATIONAL POSTAL MONEY ORDER. ENTERED AS SECOND CLASS MATTER, NOVEMBER 6, 1914, AT THE POST OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., UNDER THE ACT OF MARCH 3, 1879.

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An Open Letter to the Rich

THIS letter deals with the most important matter in the world. I warn you not to throw it away unread. Your mail, your answer, is crowded every day with letters from unknown correspondents. Long experience has taught you that it is best to ignore them. It saves your time. Often it saves your feelings. Who am I to demand an exception to your rule? Let me begin by telling you who I am not.

I am not a man who holds that your class is in a conspiracy against the rest of the race. I do not believe that you are bent on the one end of becoming masters, nor that you take satisfaction in beholding the rest of the community your slaves. A few of you do, perhaps, but a few of the rest of us do things just as bad. On the whole you are much like men and women the world over; pretty kind-hearted, pretty thoughtless, pretty selfish, pretty well-meaning. But in your place I should have acted much as you have: a chastening reflection. I write, then, not to rebuke or castigate you. I write to warn you and set you thinking. And now let me tell you who I am.

I am a teacher in a small city in the West. I am married to the best woman in the world. We have two children, a boy and a girl, fast growing up. We "own" a small house, heavily mortgaged. I think I may, without vanity, call myself an effective teacher. Not exceptionally so, perhaps, but well above the average. Needless to say, I should not mention this were it not an essential link in what I have to say.

My salary is, as teachers' salaries go, a fair one. But it has already practically reached the limit which I can expect to receive. There is no disguising the fact that we have to watch our expenses pretty closely, though we have thus far prevented disproportionate concern over bank accounts or undue apprehension for the future from diverting us from the worth-while things of life. Not that I never reflect on the arrangement of things whereby you have three motor-cars while I have none. But that aspect of the case never troubles me for long. The things that do hit a bit harder are our inability to travel, to indulge in an occasional dissipation in music or drama, to squander a little on dressing up the children, or to pay a competent instructor to find out just how much there is in certain artistic tendencies in our little girl. But there are compensations even in these privations. For when my wife and I do go to the theatre we are as happy as a pair of children on a picnic. And if we ever get a few days away from home just by ourselves, we are positively as romantic as if we were on our honeymoon.

But by this time you are asking what I am driving at and what in the world all this has to do with you. I will tell you—and in very few words.

I want more children, and I cannot afford to have them. And you, though you do not know it, are to blame. There is my case in a nutshell.

I wonder whether you know what it is to want more children. There was a time a few years ago when I used to come home at night and stumble on something soft on the stairway in the dark. "That infernal dog again," I would say, and turning on the light would pick up a bit of stuffed brown felt with sprawling legs, dilapidated ears, and button eyes—eyes with the oddest expression in the world.

Well, my children are outgrowing the stage of toy dogs, and I do not like to contemplate that fact. I do not love them less as they grow older, but I want some more of them in the smaller sizes. I want a little fellow small enough to sit on my shoulder and pull my hair. I want to steal into an upper room in the dark, and going over in one corner grope around in a crib for a little fist into which to thrust my finger. I want a little lady at the breakfast table who when I feel a bit blue will suddenly out with a remark that would put to shame Aristophanes, Mark Twain, and Mr. Dooley rolled in one. I call these perfectly manly and reasonable desires. What is more, my wife wants the same things—and many others. And finally, our two children need younger brothers and sisters, for I have come to believe that the only way to bring up two children right is to make them a small minority in the household.

"Well," you say, "if you want more children, why don't you have them?" If you were really candid with yourself you would admit that that is a superfluous, not to say a stupid, question. How can a sane man, who is now just living within his income, talk about increasing his family when his salary is being lowered every year? Yes, being lowered; not in dollars and cents, to be sure, but in butter, milk, and eggs. The trouble is that to you the high cost of living is a mere abstraction. You have never realized it vividly and concretely, for the simple reason that it is years since you have looked at your own grocery bill. And the grocery bill is only the beginning of the difficulty. There is the problem of household help. My wife has brought up two children past babyhood and has done the work practically alone, but there are limits to her strength. There is the matter of insurance. A woman in this

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very neighborhood, left with five children all under nine and not a cent, brought that home forcibly to me only last month. There are doctors' bills—unavoidable with children in the house, however healthy. There is the fact that one more child, probably two, at any rate, would mean that my present house would be too small. There is the tremendous fact that children as they grow older grow costlier. And in that connection there is the question of provision for their later education. Why! if I were not afraid of trying your patience, I could go on specifying things which in the aggregate sometimes make it seem as if our whole social and economic fabric were deliberately devised to penalize the people who have children.

Perhaps your comment at this point is that I insist on too high a standard of living. I do not think that remark comes with good taste from you, but if you wish to know, it is true—I do refuse to have more children at the price of lowering the standard of our living, and I refuse, not for my own sake or even for my wife's, but for the sake of the children we already have.

And so the upshot of it all is that I shall probably never have more children. It will be a disappointment, but we human beings are born to encounter disappointment. If the matter ended there, I should not be writing you this letter. But the matter does not end there.

I ask you to take a glance at my two children. To begin with they are both good-looking—if you can't see it, I have their grandmothers' word for it. Their health is excellent. They are both, in the opinion of several teachers, above the average intellectually, the girl especially being quick as a flash. They are as full of explosive force as a cannon is of powder, and they are sufficiently stubborn to show that they have wills of their own. It is a fair presumption, I believe, that if I had more children they would share some of these same characteristics—at any rate, their blood would go back through all four of their grandparents to stock that was in this country, in New England, before the year 1675; along two of those lines to the Mayflower. In the light of these facts, is it overbold to declare that the nation needs those children?

But I am not willing to rest my contention on my own case. Let me rest it on the case of my neighbor Jones. Even if I have not been stating my own case correctly, I have at least been stating his. The country could use thousands of men such as Jones's two little boys will, unless I miss my guess, grow up to be. In fact the country has simply got to have them. But Jones, in spite of the fact that there are few abler or harder-working men in our city, is in an economic box much like my own. I doubt if he ever has more children either.

And what, you ask, have you to do with my financial difficulties and Jones's? Everything, my friend, everything; and you know it.

I hear you muttering something under your breath to the effect that if Jones and I want more children we can get busy and earn enough to support them. But the fact that you only mutter it under your breath proves that in your heart you know it is a lie. No, it's altogether too late in the world's history to perpetrate that hoary jest that men's incomes are proportionate to their ability and enterprise.

With that point settled, the facts of the situation are perfectly plain. The nation must have more of the right kind of babies. There are plenty of the right kind of parents who want the babies. There is plenty of wealth to support the babies. And the conclusion is: more of that wealth must be put into those parents' hands.

In other words, this problem is here, regardless of how big your income is or where it comes from. It has got to be settled, regardless, possibly, of how small your income becomes or where it goes to. The incomes must be arranged to suit the babies, not the babies to suit the incomes. Do not construe this, I beg of you, as a call for a higher birthrate. On the contrary it may mean a lower birthrate. It is merely a demand for a higher birthrate among the Joneses, a demand, in other words, for a higher rate of better births.

This problem of arranging the incomes to suit the babies is, I willingly grant, quite the reverse of simple, but it is the most urgent problem that the nation, that humanity, now faces. You can help toward its solution in just one way: by standing up openly against the present method of the distribution of wealth and in favor of a method that will eradicate at least the grosser features of its injustice.

How is it to be done, you ask? A tremendously important question, but not the one that you and I are now discussing. Where there's a will there's a way. It is not with the way, but with the will, your will, that I am now concerned. Which means I must make you see certain things. First I must make you see, not vaguely but as vividly as if they were right before you, the children that might be but are not alive to-day: their bright faces, their happy voices, the rush and the glow of the life they enjoy and radiate.

Then I must make you realize that when, as last year, you made that cross at the top of a certain column of your ballot; when, as last month, you made that liberal subscription to the building fund of your club; when, as last week, you assented to your wife's social program for the winter; when, as to-day and yesterday and the day before, you encouraged, however unconsciously, someone around you to imitate the paltry desires, to indulge the fool-

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ish whims, to intrench the false standards which your excessive income calls into being—you denied, by every one of those acts, existence to a child. And when, as you have long been doing, you go further and help turn the stream of capital into channels that lead to the means of gratifying those tastes, you deny existence to whole families of children. No cold figures in your bank account are facts more certain.

Because you have not understood these things, I have written, as I promised, in a spirit not of anger but of warning. I have faith that you will hear and act. But if, having heard, you do not act, I shall put in more terrible and vivid imagery the true relation which you will then bear to the little hands that are knocking, the little voices that are calling, at the door of existence. I shall speak in another temper. I shall not mince my terms. I shall cast in your face the word that from the beginning has been allotted to the deliberate destroyer of life.

JOHN LINCOLN.

Rule Britannia

IT is the Gulf Stream, they say, that makes Kerry so wet. All the reservoir of the Atlantic, at any rate, lies to the west and south and the prevailing winds come laden with its moisture. Kerry lifts its mountains to those impinging winds—mountains that in the sunlight are a living colorful presence on every side, but cruelly denuded by the constant rains. For usually the winds flow slowly from the sea, soft voluminous clouds gathered in their arms, and as they pass they sweep their drooping veils down over the silent and somewhat melancholy land.

In the nighttime a light or two may be seen dotted at great intervals on those lonely hillsides, but for the most part the habitations are in the cooms or hollows grooved by nature between the parallel hills. The soil on the mountains is washed away. The vestiture that remains is a watery sedge, and it is only by garnering every handful of earth that the tenants can attain cultivation even in the cooms. Their fields, often held in common, are so small as to be laughable, and deep drainage trenches are dug every few yards. Sometimes in the shifting sunlight between showers a light-green patch will loom magically in the distance, witness to man's indefatigable effort to achieve a holding amid the rocks. An awkward boreen will climb to that holding and if one goes there one may find a typical tall spare countryman, bright of eye and sharp of feature, housing in his impoverished cottage a large brood of children. To build with his own hands a watertight house is the ambition for which this man is slaving, and the slates and cement may be ready there near the pit which he himself has dug for foundation. A yellowish wife will perhaps be nursing the latest baby in the gloomy one-roomed hovel, and as one talks to the man, respectful but sensible, and admirable in more ways than he will ever dream of, one elf after another will come out, bare-legged, sharp-eyed, shy, inquisitive, to peer from afar at the stranger. He may be illiterate, this grave hillside man, but his starvelings go down the boreen to the bare cold schoolhouse, to be taught whatever the pompous well-meaning teacher can put into their minds of an education designed for civil service clerks. The children may be seen down there if one passes at their playtime, kicking a rag football with their bare feet, as poor and as gay as the birds.

There was a time when the iron was deep in these farmers' souls. Ekeing the marrow from the bones of the land, they were so poor that they had nothing to live on but potatoes and the milk of their own tiny cattle, the Kerry-Dexter breed of cattle that alone can pick a living from that ground. Until twenty-five years ago, I was told, some of the hillside men had never bought a pound of tea in their lives, or known what it was to spend money for clothes. To this day they wear their light-colored homespun, and one will meet at the fairs many fine sturdy middle-aged farmers with a cut to their homemade clothes that reminds one of the Bretons. It was from these simple and ascetic men, fighting nature for grim life, that landlords minted their revenues—one of them, the Earl of Kenmare, erecting from his rents a castle at near-by Killarney that thousands of Americans have admired. The fight against landlordism was bitter in Kerry. I met one countryman who was evicted three times, but finally, despite the remorseless protests of the agent, was allowed to harbor in a lean-to against the wall of the church. There were persecutions and murders, the mailed hand of the law and the stealthy hand of the assassin. Even to-day if that much-evicted tenant had not been sure of me he would not have spoken his mind. But when he was sure, he confided with a winning smile that at last he had something to live for and work for, a strip of land that was an "economic holding," determined by an Estates Commission which has shouldered the landlord to one side and estimated with its own disinterested eyes the large nutritive possibilities of gorse and heather and rock and bog.

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Why do they stay? But most of them have not stayed. Kerry has not one-third the people to-day that it had seventy years ago. The storekeeper in a seaside village where I stopped in Kerry, a little father of the people if there ever was one, yet had acted the dubious rôle of emigration agent, and had passed thousands of his countrymen on to America. A few go to England. "For nine years," one hard-working occupier mentioned to me, "I lived in the shadow of London Bridge." But for Kerry, the next country to America, America is the land of golden promise. In a field called Coolnacapogue, "hollow of the dock leaves," I stopped to ask of a bright lad the way to Sneem, and he ended by asking me the way to America. It is west they turn, away from the Empire that "always foul-played us in the past, and I am afeard will foul-play us again."

"The next time you come, please God you'll bring us Home Rule." That is the way they speak to you, if they trust you. They want government where it cannot play so easily the tricks that seared them of old.

I went with a government inspector on one mission in Kerry. At the foot of the forbidding western hills there was a bleak tongue of land cut off by two mountain streams. At times these streams were low enough to ford with ease, but after a heavy rain the water would rise four or five feet in a few hours and the streams would become impassable torrents. For the sake of a widow whose hovel stood on this island the Commission consented to build a little bridge. The concrete piers had been set at either side successfully, but the central pier, five tons in weight, had only just been planted when a rain came, and a torrent, and the unwieldy pediment had toppled over in the stream. This little catastrophe was the first news conveyed by the paternal storekeeper to the inspector on our arrival in town, and we walked out to see what could be done.

Standing by the stream, we were visible to the expectant woman on the hill. In the soft mournful light of the September afternoon I could see her outlined against the grey sky as she came flying to learn her fate. She came bare of head and bare of foot, a small plaid shawl clasped to her bosom with one hand. Her free hand supported her taut body as she leaned on her own pier and bent her deep eyes on us across the stream. As she told in the slow lilting accent of Kerry the pregnant story of the downfall of the center pier, she would cast those eyes to the inanimate bulk of concrete, half submerged in the water, as if to contemn it for lying there in flat helplessness. But she was not excited or obsequious. A woman of forty, her expression bespoke the sternness and gravity of her fight for existence, yet she was a quiet and valiant fighter. She was, I think, the most dignified suppliant I ever beheld.

If the pier could not be raised she foresaw the anxieties of the winter. She seemed to look into them through the greyness of the failing light. She foresaw the sudden risings of the stream, the race for her children to the schoolhouse, the risk of carrying them across on her back. And she clung to her children.

"You have had trouble, my poor woman?" the inspector said, knowing that her husband two years before had been drowned in the torrent.

"Aye, indeed, your honor, 'tis I am a pity for the world. One year ago, again, my child was lost to me. It was in the nighttime, he was taken with a hemorrhage, with respects to your honor. I woke the children to have them go bring the doctor, but it was too late an they returned. He quenched in my arms, in the dead hour of night."

"A pity for the world" she was in truth. The inspector could no nothing until the ground was firm enough to support horses and tackle in the spring. We walked back through the sombre bog, the mountains seeming to creep after us, and we speculated on the bad work of the contractor. To the storekeeper we took our grievance, and there we came on another aspect of that plaintive acquiescence so strong in the woman. Yes, the storekeeper admitted with instant reasonableness, the inspector was right, Foley had failed about the bridge. "I'll haul him over," he said, full of sympathy for the woman. And he would haul him over. And the pier would lie there all winter.

If the people could feel that this solicitude of the Estates Commission were national, it would bind them to the government. But most of the inspectors are of the landlord ilk, ruling-class appointees, well-meaning, remote, superior, unable to read between the lines. And so Kerry remains with the old tradition of the government, suspicious of its intentions, crediting what genuine services there are to the race of native officials who alone have the intuition of Kerry's kind.

They want army recruits from Kerry, to defend the Empire; that Empire which meant landlords and land agents and rackrents for so many blind and crushing years. They want those straight and stalwart and manly fellows in the trenches. But Kerry knows what the trenches of Empire are already. It has fought starvation in them, dug deep in the bogs between sparse ridges of potatoes, for all the years it can remember. It is no wonder Kerry cannot grasp at once why it should go forth now to die so readily when it has only just grudgingly been granted a lease to live.

FRANCIS HACKETT.

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The French Servant in the House

WHATEVER may be the cause, the young French girl when she enters upon domestic service does not leave outside the master's door, or in her own little closet under the roof, all her home-grown freedom of soul, the natural ease, the spontaneous expression of herself which springs from a feeling of equality. The French people have not, so far, produced a spiritually servile class. The occupation most dangerous to the soul—that of personal service—has not resulted for the people of France in flunkeyism on the one hand and superior airs on the other.

There is something in the poise and motion of French working girls, in their fearless eyes and vibrant voices, that suggests a fluid and mobile social structure which deepens the impression of rigidity in the life across the Channel and beyond the Rhine. You could fancy as you watch them at their work that they were only taking their turn at the common tables in a great communistic scheme of life where none were privileged and none degraded. French people of the more favored classes are never heard bemoaning the decay of a "proper" servant class. On the contrary, if you speak to them of the striking contrast between the French proletariat and that of other countries—theirs so natural and gay, the others so humble or so sullen or both—they instantly expand with pride. "Exactly!" they exclaim, "our brave French people! Just as good as monsieur, as madame—but also no better!"

The status of the French domestic derives in part at least from the weight of responsibility under which she serves. For her mistress is neither a careless housekeeper nor an indifferent mother. It is precisely because the Frenchwoman loves her children so ardently, so romantically, one might say, and because her quick, intelligent grasp of material situations makes her an excellent economist at home, that she requires and establishes in the household not a common servant, not a "mother's helper," but a woman of intelligence and character, a woman often young and untried but with the true ring, who is or soon becomes capable of assuming direct responsibility for the care of the children and the house—a woman who deserves and receives the consideration due to the head of an important department in the management of the family life. How different is the moral and spiritual influence of a post like this from that of the wretched lackey, the taker of orders, the mere means to others' ends! "Help" and "helper" may sound democratic, but in practice too often they mean the henpecked slave.

French children are notoriously spoiled. The little monarchs are kept on a pedestal well into the age of moral responsibility. Father, mother, all the older relatives, vie with one another in admiring and indulging them. It is as if the older people pitied them and would indemnify them beforehand for the strict discipline to which they must bow in silence later on. With this understanding of the term and scope of the child's autocratic reign, one can afford to laugh at turbulent scenes in which he puts to rout every adult in the house except his *bonne*. I have witnessed those scenes at times when the *bonne* was absent—gone to the market, perhaps, or in charge of an older child on its way to or from school; for even great boys and girls in French cities are accompanied by some adult whenever they leave the house. I have seen the *bonne* open the door and pause on the threshold, sadly and sternly observing the naughty child. She is hailed with outspoken relief by all the adults. Often she does not need to say a single word. At the mere sight of her the little desperado begins to quiet down. He is in the presence of the only person who has, so far, exercised any rational authority over him, the person before whom he feels the beginnings of shame at doing wrong.

With us, as a rule, the father declines to meddle with the discipline of his very young children. Our mothers it is who must dull the edge of their influence by early association with checks and leading strings. But in French families, especially where the wife is an economic asset instead of an economic liability, the care and discipline of the little children is scarcely more her affair than it is her husband's. In the ordinary routine of life the children are entrusted to the faithful and capable *bonne* until they are old enough to be sent to school. In families of small means the *bonne* is often the housekeeper and the maid-of-all-work as well. In such cases her authority in the household appears to exceed that of all the others. She is the most important person in the group, so far as its material well-being is concerned. And morally, spiritually, she is a true member of the family. It is not for nothing that the word *bonne* means "good" as well as "nurse."

A stranger to French household ways, if she does not understand the spoken language, may sit through any number of short visits to a French family without being able to decide by her unaided powers of observation just what may be the status of the dignified, cheerful, efficient person who comes in freely, speaks without constraint, corrects the children in authoritative tones, is not trying to please, but on the contrary appears to be entirely and comfortably at home. Sometimes she is appealed to by Madame in tones of affectionate supplication or reproach, perhaps with a clasp of the

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shoulder or the hand. Or the half-grown children will catch a favorable moment to whisper something at her ear, as if begging for intercession or support. We ask ourselves in vain: "Is this the beloved and devoted nurse whose rare personality has effaced class lines? Or is she a well-to-do cousin or aunt who has adopted this particular family and made it her heir?"

Certainly the French mistress shows no inclination to put her servants into a moral straitjacket. Perhaps she instinctively understands that the intelligence and character which she demands in a servant can only exist in conjunction with personal independence and self-respect. And she takes as a matter of course the noisy sputtering and snapping with which those excellent qualities sometimes effervesce. Besides, the mistress herself is no more an automaton than the maid. She too has a heart, a soul that must be expressed. And the French are wonderfully clever scolds. They can say so much when angry without saying the sort of thing that cannot be forgiven. They scold with love, not hatred; and thus it is that "they bark worse than they (do not) bite," as their own proverb goes.

It may be that the prevailing good relation between masters and servants in France has a very simple explanation—simple and yet profound. It may be that it springs at bottom from the warm affections of the people. They cannot live without love and sentiment. Better than any other people they know how to keep alive the romance of friendship, of love, and even of that inherently bad relation, master and slave. French life and conduct are ruled by love and gratitude to a degree that is understood only by the poets of colder, less expansive peoples. The French servant who has no family ties—and often the one who has—throws her whole heart and soul into the family life of her master and mistress. She *must* love—she *must* serve—she *must* be loved. And the French master and mistress understand. Each one idealizes the sentiments of the other; in a word, the romance of the situation grips them all. French literature is crowded with examples of mistress and servant whose intimacy shows no trace of condescension on the one side or of servility on the other. English literature reflects the upper-class prejudice against "gossiping with servants," and presents perhaps no good examples of genuine spiritual equality between the taker and the giver of personal service. But it must be admitted that in England, and in other countries too, the cultivated man must protect himself against the garrulity, the general tactlessness, of the "lower orders" far more than in France.

We need not be astonished that Heine's supreme attachment was to a French girl of the people, nor that George Sand, in spite of her education and the opposition of her father's family, preserved through all a passionate devotion to her mother, a woman of the people. Du Maurier's Trilby is by heritage a blend of Irish and Scotch. But can one imagine the development of her Trilbyness on any other soil save that of France? Where in the British Isles would one find a gracious and queenly laundress? It is only in France that liberty, equality, fraternity, is a genuine ideal. And the flame burns clearest at the bottom.

J. Frances Cooke.

"Lief Amerika!"

THE gratitude of the Belgians for America's help has been shown in many picturesque ways. Belgian women have embroidered countless flour sacks, made cushions, portfolios, clothes-bags, lamp-shades, and even little aprons, all charmingly decorated with "Thanks to America" or "Homage to America;" or with crossed flags, the Belgian and the American; or with the seals of the two countries—indeed, with every sort of design which an artistic eye and a thankful heart can plan.

Some of the most touching souvenirs come from the children. The following charming letters just arrived from the little Belgian town of Tamise, in the province of East Flanders, are touching witnesses to the feelings of the little Belgians. The original letters are in Flemish, for Tamise is in the Flemish part of Belgian. This one is by a boy about nine years old:

> Good people of America, if I had a flying-machine I would fly to America to thank the splendid people there. I haven't one, so I write a little letter, and I tell you that I shall pray very much for you and never forget you. Jozef Segleras.

This is from a boy of ten:

> To Our Friends in America:
>
> How glad I am that I can thank you out of my whole heart, fine people of America, for all the things to eat and the warm clothing that you sent us, for without it we would certainly have died of hunger and cold. I want to come to America myself to thank all the fine people. Gerard Van Landeghem.

This is from a still younger child:

> Dear America:
>
> I thank you because you sent great big boats over the great sea—eat-boats—rice, corn, bacon, stockings, clothing and shoes. I know that you like the little Belgians, and I like you too. Achiel Maes.

The letters are always specific. A boy of ten or eleven writes:

> Dear Americans:
>
> It is war here. We have known hunger and need,

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we have been fugitives, but, thank God, America helped us out of need by sending us clothing, beans, bacon and bread. We thank America and the Americans also, and every day we pray our Father for brave America. ALFONS JANSSENS.

This is from another boy:

Brave People of America:

It is now war with us, and starvation has stood before the door. Our friends of America sent us meal, flour, bacon and clothing, and we were freed from hunger and cold. Brave people of America, be therefore a thousand times thanked.

FRANS REYNIERS.

The little girls' letters are equally charming. A ten-year-old writes:

Oh, dear Americans, I am still small. My words cannot tell you very well how I want to thank you, but, dear Americans, you must feel my heart. I pray every day to the good God that he shall bless your lives and that he shall spare you from war, hunger and all other horrors. Take, then, loving and noble people, with my deepest feelings, the thanksgiving of my eldest brothers and sisters. A thankful heart,

GERARDINA VAN DER VOORDT.

One girl of twelve has decorated her letter with an attractive border done in the Belgian colors, black, yellow and red. "Ik ben de Kleinste van ons huis," she writes, "en kan de meeste boterhammen eaten." That means, with some more added:

I am the littlest one of our house and can eat the most slices of bread! And now that our bread is made of such good flour I can hardly leave a piece of it alone. It is thanks to you that I can eat so well, for your flour is delicious; and in order to thank you I pray the Giver of All Good that he will bless you. Your faithful PHILOTHEE SPEELMAN.

One little girl of ten says:

I often saw my mother weep when we came downstairs in the morning because she could not give us the bread that we asked for because there was no flour, yet you have dried her tears with the good flour which you have sent.

Drying the tears with flour may be a bit amusing, but Julia Soeveniers, the writer of that letter, was expressing a very serious feeling.

Another letter also bordered with a design in the Belgian colors, reads:

Never before in my life have I written a letter to the far-away America, but now that our great benefactors and best friends live there I do it so gladly. I thank you with all my heart for the good little beans that you have sent. Oh, how I like to eat them! I am always happy when I see that mother is preparing something with American beans and bacon.

IRENE VAN LEMMENS.

The letter of Jennie Ketels speaks of the method by which food imported by the Commission for Relief in Belgium is sold to those able to pay for it. Of course the poor get it in return for *bons* instead of money. The better-to-do pay cash, and so help the Commission to give food free to those who have nothing.

It was so sad here. There was almost nothing more to eat, but dear America has come to our help. You sent us flour, rice, corn and clothing, and in Tamise now there is also a little shop where you can buy things to eat at the usual prices, and that also is thanks to you, oh good Americans. What should have become of our dear Belgian land without you!

This refers to the same little shop:

Business lies quite still here, and so father too is without work, and we should certainly have had to eat up the very last penny we had if it were not that gracious America came to our help. Thanks, good people, for the shop opened up here in Tamise, where we can buy our things at the usual prices. I shall pray the Lord that he will bless you. Your thankful

CAROLINE BUMMEGHEM.

Another letter gives a highly imaginative picture of us:

I have often heard a little girl friend of mine speak of an uncle who sent her many things from America, and I was jealous, but now I have more than one uncle and they send me more than my friend's uncle did, for it is thanks to you, dear uncles, that I can have a good slice of bread every day and a good little cup of coffee. MARIE MEERSMAN.

Suzanne De Cubber is philosophical:

I have often heard people speak of the great and rich America, but with my child's understanding I could not imagine that it was possible. Yet now that mother tells us every day, "This bread, this bacon, comes from our friends in America," I am overjoyed that your land is not only rich but that its inhabitants are good-hearted and lovingly kind toward the maltreated Belgians.

There is a touch of humor about this one:

If you could see me now you would not know me, for I am dressed entirely in a little American suit. Oh, what a warm, solid suit it is!

And here is a letter intended for President Wilson:

Highly Honored Mr. President:

Although I am still very young I feel already that feeling of thankfulness which we as Belgians owe to you, highly honored Mr. President, because you have come to our help in these dreary times. Without your help there would certainly have been thousands of war victims, and so, noble sir, I pray that God will bless you and all the noble American people.

That is the wish of all the Belgian folk.

AUGUSTA VAN RAEMDONCK.

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Russia's Ireland

TO the mediaeval Turk, in his bigotry and benightedness, all Western Europeans were Franks. English, French, Spanish and Italian seemed to him one language and a barbarous one. Even had the Turk stopped to think about possible ethnical differences, he would have found in the cosmopolitan aristocracy a justification for his lumping together of the various nationalities. Differences existed in practice only between peasants and artisans, between men of the meaner sort, as was indeed the case in his own dominions. Let us not scoff at antique Turkish misconceptions, for we cherish similar misconceptions ourselves. To us all Slavs are one, Great Russians, Poles, Ruthenians, Czechs, Slovaks, Croats and Serbs—what do we know or want to know about the ethnical and linguistic differences of these nations? Do they not all speak equally unintelligible tongues? Have they not all an equally weird folk lore, equally outlandish social and religious institutions? Therefore they must be brothers, and we rub our eyes in bewilderment over the confused separatist, nationalist movements among them. The existence of a cosmopolitan aristocracy, Russianized or Polonized, helps to blind us to the facts of the situation. It is largely among "men of the meaner sort" that nationalistic stirrings appear. And these men naturally lack spokesmen whose eloquence may touch our sympathies.

But the current of Slavic immigration to the United States promises to dispel our ignorance of the inner problems of Slavdom. Grouitch and Pupin have given us an insight into the claims of Serbian nationalism. And now we have in one of the publications of the Ukrainian National Association a group of essays by Edwin Björkman, S. O. Pollock, and others, entitled "Ukraine's Claim to Freedom," which throws into high relief the struggle for life of one of the most desperately oppressed of European peoples, the Ukrainians, otherwise known as Ruthenians, Rusniaks, Little Russians.

The Ukrainians are a distinctive people, with a language so different from the Great Russian that a Ukrainian in Petrograd or Moscow is hardly more at home than an Englishman in Berlin. The Ukrainian is distinguishable from the Great Russian by stature, cephalic index and temperament. The people of the Ukraine are lovers of poetry and music; they manifest a disposition toward individualism and independence; of their personal valor the reputation of their peculiar military organization, the Cossacks, offers sufficient evidence. At present there are over 30,000,000 Ukrainians, forming a fairly compact mass extending from Eastern Galicia to the Caspian. The area in which the Ukrainians form the chief element in the population is greater than the German Empire, and the territory in which they are present in overwhelming majority probably equals that of France. This crude statement will give some measure of the volume of national life that Russian and Polish imperialism have sought through centuries to extinguish.

In the days of Polish greatness, when Polish authority extended from the Baltic to the Black Sea, a persistent policy of Polonization was applied to the Ukraine. It succeeded with the landed aristocracy, who found that the adoption of Polish manners and speech was essential to the maintenance of political power. Thus was created that most pernicious of economic systems, an aristocracy in all things alien to the common people. Aristocrats of one's own nation may be either leaders or exploiters; alien aristocrats can never be anything but exploiters. Russian aggrandizement and the partition of Poland dislodged the Polish aristocracy on the greater part of the Ukrainian soil. It retained a foothold, however, in Galicia under the weak dominion of Austria. Eastern Galicia is a land of wretched Ukrainian peasants, with holdings so small that they have no escape from starvation except through service at beggarly wages on the estates of the Polish aristocrats, who hold half the land—naturally the better half. In the Russian Ukraine the Polish aristocrats have largely been replaced by Russian aristocrats, equally alien and rapacious. Throughout the Ukraine the dominant minority controls the civil service and the educational system, and monopolizes legislation. In Galicia, where the Ukrainians have a clear majority of the population, there is one Polish secondary school to every 50,000 Poles; one Ukrainian secondary school to every 700,000 Ukrainians. The Polish minority have a representation of seventy-three per cent in the provincial legislature; the Ukrainian majority, since the liberal reforms of 1914, have only twenty-seven per cent.

Yet under the dominion of Austria the lot of the Ukrainian is incomparably better than in Russia, where, down to 1905, the bureaucracy sought desperately to stamp out the Ukrainian language altogether. There was a standing prohibition against the use of Ukrainian in sermons, lectures or addresses of any kind and against its use in any kind of publishing. Even scientific and historical works were under the ban. "Not even circulars issued by the health authorities to instruct the people how to

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meet a possible cholera epidemic have been allowed to appear in the only language understood by the people concerned." Ukrainian was to be treated as a corrupt dialect to be employed by the peasant in intercourse with his kind and with his working cattle. Since 1905 newspapers in the Ukrainian language have been tolerated, but under the severest restrictions. The comparatively liberal treatment of the Ukrainians in Galicia had doubtless much to do with this liberalization of Russian policy. So long as one section of the race was permitted to have books and papers of its own, it was vain to attempt to extirpate the tongue. Irreconcilable Russifiers glared savagely at this source of disorder beyond the Russian borders. Ukrainian Galicia ought to be wrested from Austria. It is worth noting that when the Russians invaded Galicia they proceeded at once to prohibit the use of Ukrainian in churches and schools, to suppress Ukrainian newspapers, and to confiscate Ukrainian books in libraries or in the possession of private individuals.

But Ukrainian nationalism will not down. Nationalistic societies may be prohibited, but they continue to exist under cover. The bureaucrats may destroy the Ukrainian printing presses, but some books will be printed abroad and smuggled over the borders. And the potency of a forbidden book is infinitely greater than that of a book officially approved. In the general wreck of war the national movement in the Ukraine has been momentarily quieted. But it is certain to arise again with a renewed force that must in the end prove irresistible.

What do the Ukrainians want? Not independence from Russia, but autonomy within a federalized empire. With autonomy the Ukrainian speech will take the place of the Russian in the schools, and the Ukrainian masses will be redeemed from illiteracy. Ukrainians will displace Russians and Russianized members of their own race from the civil service and the professions. A Ukrainian middle class will arise, assimilating the Germans and Jews now making up all there is of that class. Agrarian reform will come next; the Russian and Polish aristocrats, shorn of their political power, will gradually be forced to partition their estates among the Ukrainian peasants. This is the essential meaning of nationalism; the conquest of all the strata of life, from the soil up, by a homogeneous population. Russianizing, Polonizing, Prussianizing, are tendencies that masquerade under the lofty ideal of creating homogeneity in vast empires. In their antagonism to separatist nationalism the centralizers are animated by much less respectable motives. They wish to reserve for the ruling race the high places, the posts of ease. They are anti-democratic much more than anti-nationalistic. And with the progress of democracy, which neither war nor reaction can wholly check, the oppressed nations must eventually win the essentials of freedom.

ALVIN S. JOHNSON.

A COMMUNICATION

The Stockholder's Dilemma

SIR: Your publication, which I greatly esteem, has from time to time raised certain points upon which I would like further light. In the language of the street, I want to know "where I get off." I have inherited a certain amount of money and have a profitable business. I am neither terrified by the inability of the camel to climb through the needle's eye, nor prepared to accept the advice given to Nicodemus to "sell all my goods to feed the poor." At the same time, I want to do my duty by the community and to fulfill this responsibility which I conceive wealth should impose.

Most of my money has been invested through a well-known banking house, a certain amount of it in railway and industrial securities. I have read reports and prospectuses, but confess that I have relied to a great extent on the intelligence and integrity of the firm which placed the securities on the market, the members of which either directly or indirectly are supposed to dictate the policies of these corporations. Occasional strikes have caused me some concern, but I have always felt assured that the very efficient management of these companies would protect my interest in dealing with the labor unions. In the abstract I approve of organized labor. In the concrete the labor unions frequently seem to me much more greedy than the corporations which they attack, and more unreasonable. But I am willing to confess that this feeling may be due to prejudice and to lack of understanding and information. Certainly I have regarded the corporations whose stock I hold as income producers rather than as the employers of labor for whose welfare I was in any way responsible.

From the surplus over living expenses which my dividends give, rather than from the profits of my business, I make contributions to various charities and semi-public organizations which seem to me working for the betterment of general social conditions. The budgets of these organizations I suppose are made up very largely from contributions similar to my own. These funds, of course, are utilized in investigations and surveys which supply data for agitations for a minimum wage, widows' pensions, and the betterment of housing and health conditions, unemployment and other problems of the day. As far as I know, the affairs of the various corporations in which I have invested have not been subjected to this scrutiny. At the same time I presume that they differ very little from those which have been investigated, partly thanks to

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the money which I have supplied. This thought prompts me to wonder whether I have really been looking facts in the face, and to ask myself what my responsibilities as a stockholder really are.

A number of the leading bankers who appeared before the Industrial Relations Commission made it quite clear that whatever their individual conception of their responsibility to society might be, they considered themselves in their capacity as directors of corporations responsible to the stockholders whose investment it was their duty to protect. In their view the administrative officers of these corporations, not the directors, should deal with labor problems. These administrative officers, however, are controlled by their boards of directors, and—barring extraordinary circumstances—their tenure of office in reality depends upon their ability to insure an adequate return upon the capital invested. In other words, the directors are trustees for, and the administrative officers the employees of, the stockholders. It would seem, then, that some relations ought to be established between the stockholders as the real employer and the labor which they employ.

But who are the stockholders? Take, for example, the speculation in so-called war stocks. Thousands of shares have changed hands hundreds of times during the last few months. How could the temporary owners of such stock certificates fulfill any responsibility for the welfare of employees of the corporations whose stock they held, even assuming that such responsibility was recognized? What did the rise and fall in the prices of these stocks really mean? Fundamentally it meant that someone believed that the returns on the investment would be larger than the general public imagined; in other words, that the work of the men employed would yield greater profits. Money has been won and lost on the probable fruits of labor, but what is labor getting out of it, strikes or no strikes, except extra pay for overtime and in some cases shorter hours? This is, of course, true in any business. The Stock Exchange and even the "Curb" fulfill tremendously important functions in affording an open market for securities, without which our industrial and railway development would have been well-nigh impossible. Anything which seriously interfered with free dealing in stocks would react at once on labor. Consideration of the problem makes one feel that there must eventually be some more equitable adjustment.

But aside from the securities which change hands in speculative buying and selling, there are large amounts which are absorbed and retained by the investing public. These people receive notices of stockholders' meetings, and with them generally a printed form requesting the stockholder to give his or her proxy to certain gentlemen, usually administrative officers of the company, although one or more of the leading directors may be included in the list. The stockholder is generally willing to sign the proxy and leave it at that, for he relies upon the gentlemen to whom he thus entrusts the voting of his stock to assure him a proper return upon his investment. I know at least that this is what I do, and there are thousands of others who do the same. I have my business, which I must look after. I cannot travel hither and thither, back and forth, to New Jersey or Delaware, to Virginia or California or Kansas, to attend stockholders' meetings. I closely follow annual reports and statements, but I cannot possibly familiarize myself with the details of the business of the corporations in which my money is invested. In fact, this is probably just as well. Imagine the confusion which would be created if every stockholder in every corporation attempted personally to vote his stock. I cannot afford to employ a staff of secretaries who would investigate conditions of labor employed by these corporations, and who would, through the stockholders' meetings, attempt to better the conditions under which the employees live and work. It would not be sound business policy for me to invest all of my money in one corporation on whose affairs I could concentrate my attention.

What, then, am I to do? Wise legislation, by protecting labor and relieving me of my responsibility, might furnish the answer, but legislation is not always wise. It is frequently the contrary. I believe in "trusts" as a form of coöperation. Even the so-called "monopolies" have lowered prices to the public, if these prices be considered, as they should be, in relation to prices generally over a period of years. "Sweating" and bad factory conditions, moreover, are generally found not in "big business," but in the shops of the "little fellows" who are held up by politicians as paragons of virtue, or ignored by the agitators. It therefore seems to me not only ridiculous and dishonest but unsound to make a fetish of competition. I hope for progress along certain lines—I am willing even to make sacrifices and to submit to burdens that may seem onerous if it is really going to help. But I don't want my property confiscated or my interests totally disregarded. The majority of voters are not interested in looking after the stockholders. Our legislators may appeal to prejudice or encourage "muckraking" to keep themselves in office. They may be honestly radical or honestly conservative, and yet incapable of dealing intelligently with the problems of the day. Many of our political leaders, however, are neither well-informed nor fair-minded. They may be corrupt, and to secure their spoils must either blackmail the corporations or directly or indirectly rob the public.

Fortunately, public opinion, though frequently temporarily biased, is essentially fair, but even at that, if legislation is to be the remedy, if the welfare of the majority is to be secured and the interests of the minority are to be protected, a much higher standard of education is desired. And education is a slow business.

Perhaps legislation is not the remedy. If not, what is?

New York City. NICOTINUS.

[NOTE: A reply to these questions will be found in the editorial, "Lending and Spending," elsewhere in this issue. —THE EDITORS.]

Utah Not Remote

SIR: An incidental remark of yours, "Utah is a remote state," in a recent editorial, indicates dangerous things. In what sense can a state in this Union be remote? How near must it be, and to what must it be near, in order not to be remote? It is a question between provincialism and nationalism. Nationalism says that the nation, the whole forty-eight states, is where each state is. It says that the United States is complete in each citizen. There is no remoteness and proximity. There is only identity.

Emporia, Kan. BAKER BROWNELL.

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After the Play

EMANUEL REICHER is repeating at the Garden Theatre this season the experiment which he began a year ago, and which he calls "the modern stage." Somebody who notices that the play already given, from the sixteenth to the twentieth of November, was Björnson's "When the Young Vine Blooms," and who discovers by reading Mr. Reicher's announcement that of the six remaining bills one is to be Hauptmann's "The Weavers," one Ibsen's "Rosmersholm," and one Tchékov's "Uncle Vanja," may ask why such performances are called modern. Björnson, Ibsen, and Tchékov are dead. Hauptmann is well over fifty. Has the stage nothing to show more modern than these?

Except in the case of Björnson the answer must be that the stage has nothing more modern to show. Nobody has bettered the art with which Hauptmann has made a group the hero of "The Weavers." Nobody has learned from Ibsen how to light up the present, how to color it and give it shape through a bit-by-bit disclosure of the past. And this technical miracle, nowhere more miraculous than in "Ghosts" and "Rosmersholm" and "The Wild Duck," is only one of the several miracles which Ibsen has taught no younger dramatist to repeat.

Ibsen's art does not seem old-fashioned even to one who is under Tchékov's spell, though Tchékov's leisurely pictures may make the dramatist's will seem a little too near the surface in Ibsen. No art of the stage is more concealed than Tchékov's. The least imitable and least explicable peculiarity of his imagination was the power it gave him of choosing from life and of arranging what he had chosen so that you don't feel that life has been arranged at all. What you feel most after reading "The Three Sisters" is the passage of time—how it flows and flows without bringing us any of the things we expected from it, how it alters our predicaments a little without improving them even a little. Where else did you ever get, to the degree in which you get it from the second act of "Uncle Vanja," that feeling of the long hours in the middle of the night, as a man feels them when he is sitting up and waits and watches? When have you felt the curious fatefulness—and momentousness of goings-away so immediately as you feel them in the fourth act?

By the help of Mr. Reicher's experiment we can prove to ourselves for the tenth time how much more modern a play by Tchékov may be, or a play by Ibsen or Hauptmann, than a play written to-day and treating the most contemporary subject. When nothing is new in plays but their subject they grow stale in a few months, but when a dramatist has talent enough and technical mastery enough to make us share his fresh and complex emotions, and to take us through them and yet to leave one strongest impression upon us, his play may stay modern for years.

Obviously the experiment Mr. Reicher is making is not upon Ibsen or Hauptmann or Tchékov. To add a few hundred or a few thousand Americans to the number of men and women who enjoy one of these dramatists is to add nothing of importance to his reputation. Mr. Reicher's experiment is upon New York.

Of course I don't deny that such an experiment, no matter how successful it seems, may not prove that a given number of abiding and transient New Yorkers have a pure passion for Ibsen and Tchékov and Hauptmann. Some of his spectators admire Mr. Reicher's acting so heartily that they would pay to see him in no matter what play he thought worth giving.

A good deal depends too upon the way in which "the modern stage" is marketed—upon where it is advertised, how much and how. It was a mistake, in my opinion, a discouragement of possible spectators, to tell them that unless they subscribed to all seven performances they could not see any performance. Having announced this policy, having said that "there will be no general box office sale," that "admission is by previous subscription only," it was a second mistake to reverse this policy by making this further announcement: "For the benefit of those who are unable to attend the full series of performances of The Modern Stage, a special membership card will be issued whereby the holder may select only such plays as he desires to attend." Of course this means nothing but a general box office sale plus a little red tape. Subscribers feel that a trick has been played on them, a trick by which none lost much and many lost nothing, but still a trick so obvious that their intelligence is a little affronted. Why disguise a reversal of policy so thinly?

Although such a trick is irritating I forgot all about it last month the moment Mr. Reicher himself came upon the stage. Bad luck had kept me from seeing him before, and my expectations, swollen by what I had read and heard about him, were in that condition where one expectation is that the others will be disappointed. Of course nothing of the sort happened. Within two minutes after he had appeared I had forgotten that the place he was in was a stage. He is not only natural himself but the cause of naturalness in others. His mere presence carries on the work he has been doing with his company, communicating to its members a greater naturalness than his teaching had taught them, allaying the vivacity of one or two who hadn't quite learned the lessons he had been giving. Some actors who go in for naturalness often seem to be saying, when they speak with their backs turned to the audience, "Kindly notice how natural I am." Mr. Reicher's acting never has the faintest taint of this self-consciousness. Not a trace of design shows in his ease. He is spontaneous even at that most treacherous moment for an actor, when he stops as he is making his exit, turns and looks back, not without significance, at the persons he is leaving behind. Mr. Reicher is one of the greatest masters of naturalness.

I do not know how he got his company together, but wherever he got them, he has succeeded in showing most of them how to stay well inside the borderland between what we call amateurishness and that professionalism, in its worst sense, which is like a thick varnish. The play Mr. Reicher chose to start with, "When the Young Vine Blooms," written the year before Björnson died, when he was seventy-six or seven, stays in the same borderland. At its beginning you are refreshed by the liberty of its differences from the kind of play you are usually condemned to see, by the naïveté of its closer approaches to lifelikeness, by the openness of its air. Very few first acts are as free from staginess.

Later on, although the play never quite loses these pleasant qualities, it reveals others not so pleasant, something obvious and blue-printy in the behavior of a mother and daughters when the ignored and undervalued father and husband leaves them, and they punctually undergo a too symmetrical change of heart. It is interesting to notice how the symmetry of these parts, which Björnson may have felt quite freshly when he wrote them, makes them sound stale. But in spite of this defect, in spite too of rather frequent inanities, the play has a freshness and unconcertedness that are worth seeing and seldom to be seen on the stage.

Q. K.

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A Pole Discovered

Homo Sapiens, by Stanislaw Przbyszewski. Translated from the Polish by Thomas Seltzer. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $1.50 net.

A CONVENIENT excuse exists in America for all daunted public enterprise—the inertia of the public. This is particularly true and particularly characteristic of the book publishing business. Because the great public itself yields to inertia in the matter of reading new books—books having been made the very symbol of tedium by so-called education—the book publishers have tended to narrow their field of enterprise in an unadventurous manner. In other countries, conspicuously in Germany, there are many fields in which reasonably profitable circulation may be procured for a wide variety of current literature. Those fields are not merely harvested, they are cultivated with the greatest intelligence and devotion. Such is not the case in the United States. Considering its wealth and formal literacy, there is no apparent reason why Americans cannot be induced to consume a vastly greater number of books than they do now. The splendid development in periodical literature is witness to their possibilities. But the book publishers have never fully developed the technique of widening and deepening their areas of circulation. There is one very fertile streak, the Nile valley in which popular fiction flourishes. Manured, so to say, by the commonest instincts, circulation may be secured in that valley with a minimum of original effort. A number of successes are guaranteed there every season, and because it is rich and ready-made the majority of publishers do their best to profit by it. But outside that valley the American mind is not unlike a badly irrigated desert, from the standpoint of the flourishing of sales. There are a few cultivated spots. Serious books of certain varieties prosper in certain defined areas. Compared with Germany, however, the results are inferior. Yet the publishers and booksellers do not chafe at their failure. After striving rather amateurishly and unintelligently to make a new success here and there, they mainly acquiesce in the public habit, and resign themselves to doing business in the old uninventive and suppliant way.

For this reason one welcomes particularly the advent of a new publisher, Mr. Alfred A. Knopf, who is determined to develop a field much neglected till quite recently. That is the field of Russian and Polish translation. Mr. Knopf has started off this autumn with an admirable desire to bring to American eyes the works of men and women who, in the ordinary course of our publishing, might wait half a generation to be translated. Old names appear in his list—Gogol, Gorky, Andreyev, Kropotkin—but Garshin, Soloviev and Przybyszewski are unexpected and new. And in addition to specializing in Russian and Polish translations Mr. Knopf has acquired the rights to interpretative works such as "The Russian Problem," by Vinogradoff, "Russia's Gift to the World," by J. W. Mackail, and "The Russian Novel," by de Vogüé. All of these books are made up and bound with unusually good taste.

Mr. Knopf has done well to search Russia and Poland for works overlooked by the routine publishers, and it is to be hoped he will precede them into Germany, Scandinavia, Holland, Belgium, Spain, India, Japan and elsewhere. Some of his rivals will eventually penetrate to these countries, yet with nimbleness and daring Mr. Knopf may easily distance them. But when it comes to seeking circulation in America it will be a pity if he consents to sow his seed in the popular fashion. It will be a pity, to be more specific, if he procures these translations with an eye to the ready-made market and strives to get circulation for them in the ready-made way.

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This mistake he seems already to have made in the case of "Homo Sapiens." Pshee-be-sheff-skee, according to Mr. Knopf, is universally conceded to be Poland's greatest living writer; and he advertises "Homo Sapiens" as "a very modern love story" and its hero as a Don Juan, "not even merely the most modern of men, he is the new, the coming man." No enthusiasm for translations can frank this particular kind of nonsense. It is an attempt to plant "Homo Sapiens" in the Nile valley of best-sellers in a manner typically uncritical and questionable. It argues an eagerness for quick success along dubious lines that is absolutely incompatible with the best kind of publishing.

For it is not "universally conceded" that Przybyszewski is "Poland's greatest living writer." He is no more Poland's greatest living writer than Compton Mackenzie is England's greatest living writer, and "Homo Sapiens" is of itself enough to define him as a paste jeweller. As an erotic production, it has popular possibilities, and if to be erotic is the sign of "extreme modernity," it is extremely modern. But it is erotic in rather a literary way. No one, I suppose, will contend that because the truth is usually suppressed about sex in literature, every outspoken version of sex in literature is therefore to be immune from criticism. A superheated version of sex, a version concocted in the imagination, is certainly no more agreeable to the true libertarian than to the pious parish priest. And "Homo

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Sapiens" presents, as I see it, just that dilation on the frantic excitements of sex which comes from writing out of the imagination. The mind of this highly consonantal Pole has been fed on literature. His "extensive philosophical and esthetic education" has plumed him with grand notions of what life among the literati and illuminati might be. He thinks up the most prodigious café conversations; and in addition the most swooning dances, the most pregnable virgins, the most heartrending suicides, the most sumptuous mistresses, the most indefatigable appetites; and he parades them all in a crackling, self-conscious, perfect-devil manner, with precipices, whirlpools, storms, oceans and cataclysms being leaped, swum and encountered by an irresistible Nietzsche-quoting youth. If this is the best that his country can do, black is the night from Pole to Pole.

Taking pure love to be the result of conforming his hero A and his heroine B, Przybyszewski conceives that B has damaged her value for A by a former relation with C. C is so miffed by the conjunction of AB on the other hand, that he kills himself. As A sees it, AB—BC is unhappiness. So he tries AD, but D learns of the AB relation and drowns herself. Thereupon he resorts to E. E, however, hears of B, and is heartbroken. And when B in turn learns of AD and AE her love instantly expires. In the end A realizes the folly of all mutable relations and at the last moment picks out a safe and immutable love in the person of a quite vague Revolutionary Cause.

It is unfair to "Homo Sapiens" to imply it is uninteresting. It is flashily interesting, rapid and vivid. It is the youthful experiment of a gifted man. But whatever its stylistic merits in Polish, it appears artificial and jerky in English, and deficient except in introspective and erotic intensity and a cleverness of invention. Berlin is the scene of most of the story, though the long episode detailing the seduction of Narit is at the country home of the hero Falk. The atmosphere is that of literary and artistic student life, a Bohemia in which the social epileptics of Falk have a certain credibility. The humanity in which Russian novels are steeped is totally lacking in this febrile Polish production. It is similar to Russian fiction only in allowing its characters to ask that question so seldom posed in American fiction, the question of the meaning of life. By the mere fact of posing that question at all, "Homo Sapiens," imitative as it is, has a place in a great tradition.

F. H.

The Priority of the State

The Natural History of the State, by Henry Jones Ford. Princeton, New Jersey: Princeton University Press. $1.00 *net.*

THIS book marks a deeply interesting reaction against the *a priori* character of much recent political speculation. The writer of a text book is too often concerned with the delimitation of his subject to realize at all adequately that he cannot theorize about the state and the quality of the state unless he has a definite view of its history. For knowledge, ultimately at all events, refuses to be classified into neat pigeon-holes; and your thinker of to-day, if he wants to contribute anything to our ideas, must have some grasp of the bearing of much recent biological and psychological thought. He must, moreover, be consistently evolutionist in outlook. He must admit that the state, like every other institution, has a history, and that to know what it has been is largely to understand its present character. So that Professor Ford has performed a real service in asking us to examine its foundations that we may the better grasp its essential nature.

His book may be regarded as a commentary upon, and an expansion of, two famous theses of Aristotle—that the state is prior to the individual, and that man is a social animal. He examines in some detail, and with a sureness of knowledge that commands our admiration, the evidence for and against these theories. To him it seems clear that every kind of evidence, from the biologist, the psychologist, the anthropologist, point to their essential truth. Nature, being careless of the single life, has been sedulously zealous about the preservation of the type; and to that end has planted the social instinct deep in our nature. This, as Kropotkin long ago urged, is the significance of that mutual aid which goes right through the animal kingdom. It can be seen in the vizacha of South America no less than in the apes of Gibraltar. And, taken as a whole, it seems the social animal that survives. Man is socially endowed in that sense. A survey of his mental and moral characters seems indubitably to suggest that it is for the sake of the species homo sapiens that he has been selected to survive. And the means of his preservation has been the group existence, its exaltation to an importance above his individual significance. That group is regarded as one and indivisible —what Mr. Howitt termed the undivided commune. Into it man is born and it makes him what he becomes. The state is therefore organic in the sense that men are its organs selected for survival in so far as they serve its ends. The individual is secondary to the state; for the state, being prior to the individual, must be supreme over him. What the individual enjoys, his rights, he enjoys only in reference to the state. Its ethical implications are therefore not primary but relative to that stage of development at which the state has arrived. "The object of the state," Professor Ford concludes, "is the perfecting of man, but the attainment of that object depends upon the perfecting of the state. The test of value in any institution is primarily not the advantage of the individual but the advantage of society."

It is possible to agree both with the assumptions Professor Ford lays down and with the argument by which he supports those assumptions, without being able to assent to the conclusions he draws therefrom. Is it true to contend, as Professor Ford contends, that the real meaning and essence of the state is that which is implicit in its original character? That is surely to allow nothing to the evolution of which he has himself written so well. Man, for instance, is in origin a mere speck of jelly with some nuclear substance therein; but you cannot judge man by the same criteria as those by which you judge that hapless amœboid. The true meaning of anything is not what it was in its origin but what it is at the moment of interpretation. Your historical evidence as to its past helps you to a knowledge of it, but it is not the thing itself. Take the analogy of a prisoner on trial. His past record is examined—not because he is assumed to be that record but because it is of help in the explanation of the crime. So we examine the past history of the state, not because our relation to it to-day ought to be what it was in its origin, but because, as Lord Bolingbroke said, history is philosophy teaching by examples, and we would fain have a philosophy of the state that is plausible and adequate.

Now in its origin the state did not aim at perfecting the individual. The very word "perfection" is a few hundred thousand years too early. It aimed at survival, and that to it was perfection. Here, surely, is the meaning of

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Huxley's point that the cosmic process is opposed to the ethical. For all nature is concerned to do is to secure the survival of the members best fitted to cope with the environment; but if your environment be bad, the ethical process suffers as a consequence. In a world of murderers the survivor is not necessarily the best man. That was the point of Aristotle's distinction between the good man and the good citizen. Herr Bethmann-Hollweg was a good citizen when he agreed to "hack his way through Belgium"; but he himself admitted it was a crime. The state was working its end through him. But that end was surely not a moral end.

And so, in the course of evolution, a distinction of real importance has arisen. The individual is not only one with the state. He also stands outside it and judges it. For there comes to him the knowledge that there is an end greater than the survival and perpetuation of himself. Most of us would rather have perished with Leonidas at Thermopylae than have triumphed with the Persian tyrant; but Persia survived. Was the end its survival served more ethical than the end served by the survival of Sparta? Most of us would doubt it. And it is surely arguable that one of the results of recent evolution has been to make the individual bipartite—no less himself an end than contributory to the end of the state. The test of value in an institution may be, as Professor Ford urges, rather its advantage to society than to the individual, but who is to judge its value? What are to be the criteria of his judgment? He may decide on a course which enables justice to be done though the state perish in the doing of it. Has he served the end of the state? Certainly not from the standpoint of natural selection. We insist again that even if the ethical process is the derivative of the cosmic it is not one with it any more than a man is one with his father, though he was derived from him. And if that be true the individual is now as primary as the state itself—our political theory is no longer monist since he stands sufficient on his own legs. He will claim the right to make judgments, to live his life, on terms that give him the capacity of self-development, over and above his contribution to the state-life. At once then our state is plurist. In that view the deduction made by Professor Ford seems of doubtful validity.

The point becomes clearer if Professor Ford's definition of liberty be considered. It is, he says, "an order agreeable to a prevailing sense of right, whatever that may be." Then in this view the slaves of Athens had perfect freedom, since the prevailing notion judged that they should be slaves. Is it not clear that we must free our definitions from the trammels of conventional acceptance? Is good, for instance, good only at an immediate moment of time? Does it change from age to age? Or is it only our judgment of it that changes?

I hope greatly that Professor Ford will write another book on the modern state. What he has written of its origins in the dim past is so good, so concisely conceived and carefully executed, that one wants it to be only the forerunner of an equally admirable sequel. I should like Professor Ford to explain how, in his monist theory of the state, there is room left for the response to individual conscience. I should want to hear how a state from which alone all rights are derived can have an end that is *ipso facto* moral without defining survival as a moral end. I am certain that Professor Ford could give us a book that would be not merely a good introduction to political science, but an introduction fundamental to its understanding.

HAROLD J. LASKI.

Diminuendo

The Song of the Lark, by Willa Sibert Cather. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.40 net.

IT seems a far journey back to the rare imaginative quality of "O Pioneers!" the story by Miss Cather of young life in the Nebraska prairie with its beautiful and tragic denouement. "O Pioneers!" had a warm unity of tone, a youthful wistfulness, that made it appealing. One could scarcely believe it was not the work of a writer who was going to do great things in that imaginative realism which our current American fiction still so stupidly lacks. The appearance of dramatic imagination in any form in this country is something to make us all drop our work and run to see. It is the thing to keep straining our eyes for. One hoped that the adulation which greeted Mr. Poole's timid "The Harbor," where the imagination was swabbed on from the outside rather than run as a vital current through the veins, would encourage more of the younger novelists to let themselves go, and stir us by a representation of life that is fearlessly bathed in a glow of youth and generous ideals. This is why it is so disappointing to find Miss Cather, with her rare promise, running now prudently to cover.

It is difficult, from "The Song of the Lark," to reconstruct that lyric preface to the former book, the "Prairie Spring," which sang the very theme of the book, and made at least one Dakotan youth quite weak with homesickness. This very title suggests a play to sentimental chords on the style of the unspeakable "Rosary." One could forgive it perhaps if the song of the lark were actually the *leitmotif* of the story. But it is not. Thea Kronborg sees the picture in the Chicago Art Museum, feels that it is her picture. "The flat country, the early morning light, the wet fields, the look in the girl's heavy face," were "all hers." But never again does either Miss Cather or Thea think of the picture, and the imagination simply refuses to relate the tense and golden Thea, ambitious, quiet, and a little fierce, to the placid and thickly knit girl of Breton's popular canvas.

The suspicious rift of artistic defect which this title discloses continues to widen through the story. Miss Cather's imagination seems acceleratedly to miss fire, until the last two parts seem an act of laborious creation, carried through after the author is really bored with her story. The early chapters—the little Swede girl's childhood in the Colorado town, her quaint pastoral family, the old musician, her early musical studies in Chicago—are delightfully done. So are scenes like the Mexican dance, where Thea's artistic soul rises against the disapproving conventionality of the little town. There is air and sun in the Arizona cliff summer. All this is real because it is part of the Thea that Miss Cather is writing about, and part of Miss Cather's own assimilated experience. It is warm with the hard little golden fire that was at Thea's heart, and which drove her on and on in her quest.

In this fair and self-centred girl with her passion for her music, with that clutch at her soul which held her aloof from every environment, that urge which impelled her to realize her very self though it meant shutting out the whole world, Miss Cather had a great story. Such a story could have been a crescendo of interpretation, with the contrast between the inner clutch and the conventional appeals of life made ever more inescapable. But Thea's actual success limps very badly. The inner fire becomes smothered in wearisome objective detail of the operatic life and the uninteresting friends that she does not really need. The story

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could have worked up to the climax of Thea's cool flight to Mexico with the young Ottenburg, Thea inexorably true to her art, taking passion as an interesting but indispensable incident of life. There the story could have broken off with a leap. Our imagination would have easily supplied the finished career. Miss Cather does not mean to spell deterioration for Thea, and yet so unskilful is the handling of these later chapters that it is almost impossible to find in the bourgeoise Madame Kronborg the same Thea, with her "loyalty of young hearts to an exalted ideal, and the passion with which they strive." In the inscrutable epilogue Miss Cather seems simply to throw to the winds what she is trying to do. Her story was the progress of a peculiarly arresting youthful talent. The epilogue acts as if she were writing a sociological treatise of the town of Moonstone, Colorado, in which every last citizen of the girl's early environment is to be accounted for to the anxious reader.

Yet few novels give so tell-tale a pattern of the difficulties that beset the imaginative writer, and the narrow way that must be walked. Miss Cather would perhaps be shocked to know how sharp were the contrasts between those parts of her book which are built out of her own experience and those which are imagined. Her defects are almost wholly those of unassimilated experience. The musical life of this opera singer who has so fascinated her she has admired, but she has not made it imaginatively her own. She has contented herself with the fascination and has not grasped the difficulty of reading herself into this other life and making it so much hers that the actual and the imagined are no longer separable. This is almost the whole cunning of the novelist's art. "O Pioneers!" was artistic because it was woven all of a piece of imaginatively interpreted experience. Its charm made one want to put Miss Cather's next book among that very small group of epics of youthful talent that grows great with quest and desire. But in that little library one cannot give even temporary place to "The Song of the Lark." Resentment of this unpleasant fact is perhaps the greatest compliment one could pay to its author's genuine talent.

Various New Novels

The Passionate Crime, by E. Temple Thurston. New York: D. Appleton and Co. $1.30 net.

THE man who wrote "The City of Beautiful Nonsense" might have been able to make us believe that there are fairies in Ireland—though he spelled them "faeries." He might have been able to capture our interest for a young poet living alone in the mountains, who thinks it necessary for his freedom to renounce companionship, and fears the earthly pull of his love because he calls it "selfishness." That author might even have been able to show us such a young man murdering his lover because she gives herself to him; and he might have made us accept "The Passionate Crime" as the title of the story. Such a feat, however, would have been the result of greater faith on the part of the writer than the present Mr. Thurston evidently has. Much of the book appears to have been put down to convince the author himself that he could imagine elaborately the events chronicled. With a proper show of imagistic but somewhat apocryphal Irish dialogue, with much "description of nature," and with endless protestation of his own curiosity about the affair, Mr. Thurston fails to make his characters seem more than the shadows they must have been when the plot first occurred to him as the occasion for writing another novel.

Around Old Chester, by Margaret Deland. New York: Harper & Brothers. $1.35 net.

What will happen to *Harper's Magazine* when Dr. Lavendar dies? Imagine the howl of protest that would go up from all the throats that swallow his humorous and kindly philosophical pills so eagerly, if one suggested that his day had passed. No, the star of Billy Sunday may rise and wane, but the minister of Old Chester is a fixed planet in our sky. This is Mrs. Deland's fourteenth published volume; and, as one soon discovers from the text as well as from the illustrations of hoop-skirted ladies, almost everything related therein seems to have happened several generations ago—long enough to escape all contamination from the baffling, whirling age in which we live. If Mrs. Deland herself has heard of Freud, and Roosevelt, and the I.W.W., she doesn't allow the knowledge to "get through" to the calm of her village backwater, where character, gossip and matrimony are still as much the central interests of life as ever they were in old New England. While this pleasant and thoroughly capable writer continues to uphold the sweet, sane, and sentimental in fiction, American morals are safe, in spite of Robert W. Chambers. To her, as to Dr. Lavendar, the voice of God and the voice of commonsense are synonymous terms.

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Why, Theodora! by Sarah Warden McConnell. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. $1.25 net.

"Why, Theodora!" is the best kind of light fiction. It is written with an evident delight in its own charming heroine. This young lady is shut out from life in a country town, with a father who has "used all his poetry to make a book of verse" and an aunt "whose wand of office is concession." Theodora consoles herself by communion with Jimmy, an imaginary being who reveals to her what she really thinks. The hero, Larry, is an impetuous painter with an ambition to "smash the sky and get the stars down." He manages to get arrested and is ready to plead guilty to theft, but Theodora sticks to him in spite even of himself, refusing a man who offers to "do everything for her and make no demands." The heroine "wants demands," and it is Larry's need of her that makes her insist on giving herself to him. The plot, however, gives little idea of the pleasure awaiting the reader. Theodora is not only a spontaneous girl, she is also a true and fine-spirited woman. Larry is adequately though not minutely drawn, and the others are cleverly sketched in. Tom is one of the men "who at all ages want to show you their jack-knives." The style is free, surprising and self-effacing.

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Violette of Père Lachaise, by Anna Strunsky Walling. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. $1.00 net.

This is the story of the development of a girl's soul. Violette, living with an old grandfather who keeps a poor little florist shop opposite the cemetery of Père Lachaise in Paris, grows up under the shadow of age and poverty and death. The great cemetery, "the Champs Élysées of the poor," is not only her playground, but the focus of her spiritual and mental expanding. Where the tourist sees only dreary acres of monuments and bead wreaths, Violette wakes to deep joy of life, to love, to an artistic career, and most of all to an inspired part in the social revolution. The book has hardly a thread of story. If it were not so spontaneous, Mrs. Walling would hardly escape the charge of fine writing. But she has contributed something delicate and sincere in this subjective analysis of the revolutionist of the future.

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